

DIME NOVEL ROUND-UP

A monthly magazine devoted to the collecting, preservation and literature of the old-time dime and nickel novels, libraries and popular story papers.

Vol. 39 No. 4

April 15, 1970

Whole No. 451

Horatio Alger, Jr., After Seventy Years

By Morton S. Enslin



DIME NOVEL SKETCHES NO. 124

ARMY AND NAVY LIBRARY

Publisher: Army and Navy Publishing Co., 184 William St., New York, N. Y.
 Dates: Aug. 18, 1883 to May 17, 1884 (dates determined from the date of No. 26, Feb. 1884 and counting backward to No. 1 and forward to No. 40. Statement is made in advertisements that the Library is issued weekly). Schedule of Issue: Weekly. Issues: 40 (last number seen advertised). Size: 12x8 1/4". Pages: 24. Illustrations: Black and white pictorial cover. Contents: Stories of the Civil War, Revolutionary War, War with Mexico and other U. S. wars.

Horatio Alger, Jr., After Seventy Years

By Morton S. Enslin

One of my earliest memories is seeing my father sitting in his Morris chair in our living room—we called it the sitting room of course, in distinction from the parlor across the hall—with his meerschaum pipe in his mouth and rereading one of my Alger books, which he had brought down from the wicker bookcase in my bedroom upstairs. Though his reading was far from limited to juveniles, he knew and loved the books of Horatio Alger and of Oliver Optic. And his love for them was reproduced in me. In my treasured case of books—always growing—were a few that my father had had as a boy: two series of Oliver Optic, The Starry Flag Series (bound in red); The Woodville Series (in companion green). How I loved them, and still do. They are still on an open shelf in my dressing room, and are frequently reread although I know them by heart. With them were several Algers in dark green or mulberry red: "Brave and Bold," "Jack's Ward," and "Strive and Succeed." It was not for many, many years that I was to think of them as "Lorings" and to prize them as "among my firsts." It was their content which I then loved—and the love has never waned. With them were many others, which I now know as "reading copies," that is, inexpensive reprints which then were to be had in every book store. And never the Christmas but what several of them were on the tree, some with a presentation line, "Morton from Dad," written in the flowing hand I knew so well; some in the much more prim script of my grandmother, who lived with us. How I devoured them! Christ-

mas Day would not have ended before one of them had been begun—and often finished. It never dawned on me that they were "all the same." To me they were always "fresh," and I loved them.

Again and again, when in Boston—at an early age I was trusted to go by myself on the trolley and elevated into the city, for which trust I have always been grateful to my father and mother—I would see on the counter of this store or that a flock of "Alger books." And whenever I spotted a title I had not read, if I had the price, I bought it. Many came from Woolworth's which in those days WAS a "Five and Ten Cent Store," with nothing in the store above ten cents; just as drugstores sold drugs, not hardware and house furnishings. I was also very fond of other books, not too dissimilar: The Rover Boys, The Putnam Hall Series, The Motor Boat Boys, and the dozen or more by Frank V. Webster, which latter were so strangely reminiscent of my beloved Algers—but not quite so good.

In those days I had only a fraction of the Algers. I never could get hold of such titles as "Ragged Dick" and "Tattered Tom." I had heard of them; they just weren't in my collection. I did have a "Mark, the Match Boy," in what I now know, for I can see it in memory's eye, was a Loring first and also a beat-up "Ben, the Luggage Boy." They, with several others, vanished in those early years—many, I am sure, when we moved to another house.

The thought of collecting them, making them a hobby, as I see it now, came somewhat later. I never lost my

DIME NOVEL ROUND-UP—Vol. 39, No. 4, Whole No. 451, April 15, 1970
Published monthly at 821 Vermont St., Lawrence, Kansas 66044. Edited by Edward T. LeBlanc, 87 School St., Fall River, Mass. 02720. Second class postage paid at Lawrence, Kansas. Assistant Editor, Ralph F. Cummings, 161 Pleasant St., South Grafton, Mass. 01560. Subscription: \$3.00 per year. Ad Rates—9c per word, \$1.50 per column inch; \$3.25 per quarter page, \$4.50 per half page and \$7.50 per page. Ads should be submitted by the 15th of the month in order to assure publication in the following month's issue.

love for them and constantly pulled one out to read, but during my first twenty years of teaching they were in a big trunk up on the third floor in what the English like to call the "lumber room," but which to me still continues "the poke hole." Eventually I got sick of having to go upstairs, rustle through the accumulated treasures—"not good enough to use but too good to throw away," which made a trip into said poke hole a hazardous exploit: how vividly I remember our assault on said accumulation and the days of burning that ensued when we left that house which had been home for thirty years—but to resume this lengthy and cluttered sentence, which became cluttered as I pondered again the lesson we then learned of the woes entailed in "Never throw it away; it may come in handy sometime." To resume, I say, I finally got sick of that frequent excavating trip, and brought all the Algers from the zinc bound trunk down into my study and placed them on shelves, alongside my more sedate professional tools.

They made quite a sizable display, even though a good many which I "knew I had" were just not there. But during the years of their residence in the poke-hole trunk I had picked up a few others as I had chanced to see them in second hand shops. Of course the days of buying them new were now long past.

Once they were brought back to the easy light of day I suppose it was inevitable that I should decide to try to fill in the cracks. After classes were over and while waiting for it to be time to go to Cape Cod, I spent several days in the Seminary library with books of reference; the "American Catalogue of Books," old issues of the "Publishers' Weekly," the U. S. Catalogues of "Books in Print." From these I added to my growing card-catalogue list of titles, which I was making from my own titles, from lists of "other books by Alger" on the title pages, in the appended lists, often at the back, of other books available by the same publisher, and from the motley list of titles appended to the one so-called "Life of Alger," which

Herbert Mayes had published under the title "Alger: A Biography Without a Hero." Thus my list was growing, and indications of the several publishers who had brought out the various books were becoming fuller and more enticing.

I early determined on what seemed a most sensible campaign, for as soon as I really started it speedily became clear to me that I had long wasted precious time in not having a respectable hobby, especially as solitary long-distance swimming was being frowned upon by my wife. Now I knew I had one. My plan was simple: Get hold of a copy of every title which I did not have, regardless of its edition or even condition—even if it is the same book under a reissue title—and better them subsequently when and if possible. But fill in the gaps. The second part of this sensible approach, which I have recommended to many other collectors: "Don't go overboard by spending more than you can afford, thus encouraging dealers and other owners to gain unwarranted ideas as to values and asking prices." For years I never paid more than a dollar for any purchase, and many of my most prized—and actually most valuable—items came for fifty cents.

At first the book stores in Philadelphia and (in the summer) Boston were my chief sources of supply. Gradually I got in touch with book dealers and antiquarians in other cities, and in consequence I began to get a fair trickle. As time went on, I got new leads. A dealer would mention another man who was interested in Alger, and I would write him. Incidentally, that has turned out to be one of the most pleasant and rewarding features of the hobby—the acquaintances, some now warm friends, in all walks of life: the retired owner of a chain of hotels, the head of a powerful advertising agency, the head of a research laboratory, fellow professors, parsons, post-office officials, retired businessmen, farmers, and so on down, or up, the line—who share my hobby. And the great majority of them share, in varying degrees, a love for the books themselves, as well

as the fun of hunting them out.

Eventually I ran across a bibliography which had been produced by another collector, who had gone in for this hobby in a very large way—to the tune of \$15,000, and with a readiness to pay fantastic prices for what he wanted. Some time later, after a bit of wrangling, including many letters, I got from him a pretty sizable collection. That acquisition, which included some twenty-odd first editions, came during my first year in the North Country. I can still remember that evening. We had just returned from Philadelphia, where we had spent the Easter recess. My next door neighbor, who regularly supervised my mail during our absences, had put the carton in my garage. When I opened it I nearly fainted. My 3000-mile-distant pen pal had written that he was willing to let me have a few titles, for the less than modest amount a poor professor could offer, but he had outdone himself. In addition to the book I had so wanted, and for which I had long searched in vain, Alger's first, "Bertha's Christmas Vision," were many other treasures, several of which I did not have in any edition, and including among others: firsts of "Ragged Dick," "Tattered Tom," "Phil, the Fiddler," "The Western Boy," and three of the almost unobtainable paperbacks which Burt and Munsey had published in the '90's, and which I was just beginning to realize were real collector's items, since they were veritable "firsts" and so fragile in comparison with clothbound volumes. Also I may remark in passing, since they were paperbacks they were often contemptuously thrown out along with other "dime novels." That was my largest haul, and I still remember the thrill after thrill which was mine that Sunday evening as I took one treasure after another from the carton from the West.

But other treasures have turned up on other occasions—earlier and later. For years I had not been able to find a "Tattered Tom," and it maddened me. I had seen a copy, thick with dust, in the Carpenter's Library in

Philadelphia—the only Alger in the whole library. The glass case had not been unlocked for fifteen years, the custodian assured me. I tried all my wiles to get the library to give, sell, or exchange it, but with no success. Then one Wednesday afternoon in Philadelphia I found a copy on the open shelves of Leary's Book Store. Those beggars had long had my want list—including "Tom"—and had promised to save this volume, together with any others on my list, should they/it turn up. They hadn't, and there it was. I grabbed it with a sense of elation. The fact that it was a Porter & Coates and not a Loring did not diminish my glee, for I wanted the book, period. Then in the course of the next few months—that is always the collector's experience—I saw two other copies, but priced above what I felt I should afford. But anyhow I had "Tom." I had not become quite so avid for firsts, for I was still filling in. But, as I said in a preceding paragraph, eventually "Tom" was mine in a Loring, and a first edition at that.

Many summers ago I picked up—principally by mail—over forty prizes with thirty of them first editions. Thus not only was my first aim—a complete set of titles—being achieved but my list of firsts was steadily increasing, too.

Two of the most unexpected finds stands out vividly in my memory, and both were indirectly connected with Harvard. I was in Cambridge for a week of preaching in the Harvard chapel—in those days, fragrant with the memory of Dean Sperry, that was an annual joy. One afternoon I went into Boston to the shop of an antiquarian whom I had come to know. He had a couple of volumes which I could use tucked away for me, and I bought them. In the course of our conversation he remarked, "Did you know that Alger wrote poetry, too?" "I certainly do," I said; "I've been hunting for years for 'Granth'er Baldwin's Thanksgiving.'" "I think I have a copy," he rejoined. The shop itself was so cluttered that I had no idea how he could find anything. He

went into a little cubby hole in back and after a few moments of excavation came out with the little volume, and it was mine for a tenth of what my morning's sermon had brought—a fifth of what I saw asked in a catalogue a year later.

The other experience is still better. Enroute from Cape Cod to Cambridge one morning for a couple of days work in Widener Library—I am glad to stress this note in case my dean should chance to read this article and conclude that all my time was spent on projects somewhat remote from those which my monthly pay checks were supposedly intended to cover—I had stopped at the home of a bookseller who, I had heard, had some Algers. He was not home. That night I telephoned him and made arrangements to stop in again on my return trip. It so happened that at the moment I was particularly keen to get hold of a volume which Alger had published in 1875 under the title "Seeking His Fortune." It was a series of Dialogues, that is, one-act plays. All but the first were by his sister, Olive Augusta Cheney. The first was by Horatio, and he had edited the volume. I knew it was rare and that none of my fellow collectors had a copy. Arriving that evening at the bookseller's home I found him on the piazza awaiting me. Over a glass of cooling amber we chatted for a few minutes, and I remember telling him in great detail—I was less astute about broadcasting costly information then—of how much I wanted a copy of "Seeking His Fortune." After a few minutes we went upstairs to see what books he had. He pointed to a case, with the word, "You can have any of these for fifty cents each." I looked. The first volume I saw was this priceless "Seeking His Fortune!" In what I am sure was a shakily studied voice I said, "Any of these, you say, for fifty cents?" "Yes, indeed," said he. "Well, I'll take this," I managed to remark, and going through the shelves I found twelve others—seven of them firsts, all of them "titles wanted."

So I could go on indefinitely. Many

disappointments. Letter after letter comes—or used to! alas the drought today—with the offer of books. When sifted down, most of them are what, by collectors who have been at it through the years, must be styled junk: the late reissues by such firms as Hurst, Donohue, and the New York Book Co., of the easiest and frequently reprinted titles. But there is always the chance that among such trash a pearl will be found—and I have found several that way. Some time ago I got one of my most prized treasures: two of the so-called Leather-Clad Tales, which had been published in the 1890's by a flash combine, the United States Book Co., which had tried to corner the inexpensive book market, and which folded after a very short while. But they had been able to copyright, among many other books, a dozen Alger stories, most of which, as was true of so many Algers, had been published serially, but not in book form. Several of these they had copyrighted. Six of them they actually published. They are among the rarest of the rare of collector's items. Well, two of these fell into my hands some time ago: "Dean Dunham" and "Mark Stanton." So far as I know, no other private collector has a copy of either.

So the chase goes on. I am becoming reconciled to pretty long waits between captures, for now I have copies of all but two of the 118 books he wrote. One of these is rarissima avis, "Timothy Crump's Ward," which appeared anonymously in 1866. It was subsequently rewritten and republished by the same publisher, Loring, under the title "Jack's Ward," and with Alger's name attached. This meant that "Timothy" was immediately withdrawn from sale and equally speedily dropped out of sight. I know of only three copies in existence, and they might as well be in Fort Knox. Being anonymous, the chances of the discovery of other copies is very slim. I have long reconciled myself to the one sure fact: if I do ever find one, it will be either in a junk shop where its nature is unknown and it is to be had for a nickel, or it will be in the

hands of one who knows and who will demand a pound and three-quarters of flesh, for once the two who were fortunate enough to snare a copy got it they exulted over their find and by the utterly absurd price they loosely talked about it being worth have made it virtually impossible for any other collector to enter their paradise—unless he has more money than brains. But I'll still make a play for it in either case although I have long had a first of its replacement, "Jack's Ward," which is one of my few firsts which was my father's.

The other title I lack (in book form) is "Silas Snobden's Office Boy." This had appeared serially, under the pseudonym, "Arthur Lee Putnam," one of the few pen names Alger employed, in Munsey's "Argosy" in 1889-90. Of course I have a copy of the serial. It has long been an "assured fact" among collectors that this was one of the very few serials which was never subsequently published in book form. Some time ago, while doing a bit of research in a university library, I came upon evidence, seemingly impossible to deny, that this novel was subsequently published by Ogilvie in his then famous, but now very rare, "Sunset Series," a cheap 25c pulp-paper volume, with flimsy yellow paper wrappers. Thus I was able to swell the number of Alger BOOKS from 117 to 118, but unfortunately I have not as yet turned up the volume itself. But I still have hopes. With these two exceptions, I have copies of all the books, and with better than 100 of them first editions. Naturally that means the hunting is now for pretty particularized game. And many dealers are not enthusiastic about spending their time and money on such limited quests when they can be sure of a sale of whatever they turn up to those whose wants are less restricted. But the exasperating thing is that among this still missing handful are several which ought to be far easier than several I have long had! So it goes.

As a final paragraph to the recount of this odyssey I cannot forbear to mention that one of the rarest of

my trove—"Tom Temple's Career," #7 in Burt's paperback series—was picked up a few years ago by my son on a Cape Cod dump. Despite the fact that a rat, also evidently an Alger booklover, had consumed the tops of the last few pages, it was a collector's item. But fortunately some time ago I was lucky enough to get another copy, this time intact.

But now a word about the man and his books. Actually the two are tightly entwined, for in his books he is, almost unconsciously, his own hero. In the lavish gifts that wealthy and benevolent patrons so easily hand out to the hero or, in many cases, at the hero's generous insistence, not to him but to others in greater need, it takes no too keen eye to see Alger himself. This he was always doing, in a small scale, to those, especially the boys among whom he lived and whom he loved. It accounts in no small measure for the fact that though his books sold—even in his lifetime—in the millions he never had any money. Most of the manuscripts he sold outright—often for a pittance—instead of insisting on a royalty. Thus it was his publishers, not he, who reaped the reward. And he could never resist an appeal, especially from the little Arabs on the sidewalks of New York.

Horatio was born January 13 (15?). 1832,* in what was then Chelsea—it is now Revere—Massachusetts, the first of five children. His father, for whom he was named, was the local Unitarian minister, a graduate of both Harvard College and the Cambridge (that is, Harvard) Divinity School. Apparently his father, who had destined him for the Unitarian ministry, speedily saw to it that his young son was always aware of that destiny. In answer to his father's frequently repeated rhetorical question, "What are you going to be, Horatio? Tell the gentleman," the youngster was trained to answer dutifully, "I shall be a teacher of the ways of God, a preacher of his commandments, a liberal thinker, a loyal citizen." But his heart wasn't in it, even though after a slow start, at the age of eight, he was studying Latin and algebra to fit him

for this portentous destiny. When he was twelve, he entered Gates Academy at Marlborough, to which city the Reverend Horatio Sr. had recently moved. Then followed Harvard, from which he graduated in 1852, fifth in his class, the class odist, and with various prizes and honors collected en route, such as a Detur at the end of his sophomore year, a Bowdoin prize the next year, a senior prize in Greek composition, and a Phi Beta Kappa key. But none of his heroes—not even Walter Conrad or Andy Grant—ever sported a key. After a year of writing he entered the Divinity School—his father's wish, not his—but left in two months. During the next three years he wrote and taught. In addition to acting as assistant editor of the Boston "Daily Advertiser" he brought out his two first books: "Bertha's Christmas Vision" (1856), which was a collection of short stories and essays, and dedicated to his mother; and the anonymous satirical book-length poem "Nothing to Do" (1857).

*The exact date of his birth is uncertain. January 13 (a Friday) is regularly given as the date and appears on his tombstone in the South Natick cemetery. Comments have been often made that it was a "Friday the 13th." I have a birth certificate from the office of the City Clerk of Chelsea clearly indicating "January 15, 1832." Obviously an error has been made, but by whom is uncertain, and of small importance.

(to be continued)

From: The New York University Alumni News, Feb. 197, page 5:

"Frank Merriwell, Deadwood Dick, plus numerous female writers of post-

Civil War America have taken their place beside American literary giants on the bookshelves of NYU's rare books collection. More than 8,000 examples of 19th century dime novels, story papers and fiction magazines have been donated to the Fales Library by Edward G. Levy, retired publisher of Woodbridge, Conn. The Levy gift includes a complete set (245 numbers) of Street & Smith's Merriwell Library."

(Sent in by Frank Acker.)

ODDS 'N' ENDS

By Jack Schorr

There are several ways to advertise for juvenile books and dime novels that will net results and you will not be paying "collectors fees" for what you want.

If you put an ad, like the following, in a publication you are asking for books at a premium price.

"Wanted by collector of early American Boys Juvenile books, Horatio Alger, Oliver Optics, and other boys books of this vintage. State condition, publication date and description of binding in replying."

Anyone seeing this ad runs for the attic in hope of getting at least \$15.00 a book, because "a collector is looking for some Algernons I have."

Ads can be so worded that the reader is unaware that you are a collector, which immediately puts an inflated value on the book.

"Would like to buy a few of the books and dime novels I read as a boy, such as Tip Tops, Horatio Algernons, Oliver Optics, etc. Please describe the books and price."

This type ad may require further correspondence as to publication data and condition after the price has been

MEMBERSHIP CHANGES

- 309. Library—Serials Dept., Univ. of Missouri, Columbia, Mo. 65201 (former member)
- 81. W. R. Johnson, 1308 6th Ave. S. W., Ardmore, Okla. 73401
- 310. William H. Stickles, 8502 Skyview Drive, Alexandria, Va. 22309 (New member)
- 189. Daniel J. Fuller, 1035 Meryoith St., Kent, Ohio 44240 (New address)
- 311. William A. Settle, Jr., 600 South College, Tulsa, Okla. 74104 (New mem)

stated.

There is a strong sentiment among those who have retained books of their children through the years. They really would like to see them in "interested hands." People hesitate to dump their children's books in the charity store bins.

This does not apply, of course, to placing ads in, for example, this publication, because fellow members know you are a collector. I, for one, have had good results with ads placed herein.

Surprising results have come with a small ad placed in farm journals and small rural newspapers. It was in one of those that I unearthed a set of the Great Newspaper series by Garis in first editions at 50c each, just a year ago.

Another area that, I have heard, brings good results has been church publications, such as denominational monthly magazines. I have not tried these, but these are a good source of home contact.

Of course, bear in mind, that when you are buying from someone who has no technical knowledge of books, and value to them is their sentimental value, condition means little. This is the hazard you will have to cope with, in going this route.

Anyway, it's fun and only costs you a couple of dollars a month, plus all the letters you get, and who knows—you may get a letter like this:

Dear Mr. Schorr,

I saw your ad in the Centreville Dispatch for old juvenile books. My father owned the only bookstore in town for over 40 years. until his death in 1956. In going through his effects at his home and at the store, I came across 18 cartons of boys books of the type you describe in your ad. These books were in many cases "dealers samples" and they have the dust covers still on them. It has presented a problem of space for some time. I will be glad to work out a price for the lot and take into consideration shipping expenses.

Yours truly,

James B. Spear

NOTES

Ralph Smith writes to correct the date given for No. 1 of Saturday Library (Round-up No. 438, March, 1969). The correct date is January 9, 1886 not December 26, 1885 as given. I am glad to be corrected and hope other collectors will check their holdings and add any information to the Dime Novel Sketches being featured in each issue of the Roundup. Ralph points out an oddity concerning Saturday Library and American Library. They were both published from 18 Rose St., New York, obviously Street & Smith, and they published and reprinted the same stories within a year of each other. American Library No. 24 dated March 27, 1886, and Saturday Library No. 61 dated February 19, 1887, both published Maud Bary's Peril. This is true of many of the titles. In addition the Saturday Library reprinted its own stories a number of times.

I have just received word from Herbert Leitstein's daughter that he died some time last September. Mr. Leitstein's membership dated back to the early 1930's, and he was an active collector of dime novels.

RECENTLY PUBLISHED ARTICLES CONCERNING DIME NOVELS

COLLECTOR'S WORLD, March-April 1970, Collector's World Publishing Co., Inc., 321 N. Frazier St., Conroe, Texas 77301. Price 75c. COLLECTING AND SELLING OLD BOYS' BOOKS, by Alan S. Dikty. An excellent article by the publisher of The Boys' Book Collector. Well written and well illustrated. Covers the type of boys book most collected and prices that a collector expects to pay for them.

AMERICAN BOOK COLLECTOR. February 1970. W. B. Thorsen, 1822 School Street, Chicago, Illinois 60657. Price \$1.00. THE MATCHLESS NICK CARTER by J. Edward Leithead. Ed continues his excellent series of articles; this time he traces the history of Nick Carter from his first appearance in New York Weekly to his last pulp appearance.

SPORT MAGAZINE, April 1970. FRANK MERRIWELL IS DEAD. From the column Time Out with the Editors. Quoting from Frank Merriwell's Alarm, the writer concludes that the spirit of fair play personified by Merriwell is no longer active in sports. Bob McDowell who sent in a copy of the editorial writes, "The writer may be correct, but I hope not." We hope not, too.

THOSE GOOD OLD DIME NOVEL DAYS

By Col. Charles D. Randolph
"Buckskin Bill"

I remember when I was a boy,
Dime Novels, were all the rage;
In reading them, I would rush
Anxiously from page to page.
Those stories were about Scouts and
Indians,
And road agents on the Wilderness
highways;
The exploits were exciting adventures
In those good old dime novel days.
I read about Deadwood Dick,
A character in the Weird and Dreary
Black Hills;
And about Diamond Dick & Wild Bill.
Those dime novels were full of thrills.
There were Beadle's Dime Novels,
And Nickel Libraries too;
The stories were fascinating and
Exciting all of the way through.
My favorite was The Buffalo Bill
Stories,
Published by Street and Smith;
Though Colonel Cody was a living
character,
The stories were a myth.
I liked the five cent weeklies,
The colored covers gave me a real
thrill;
When I read Rough Rider, and Young
Wild West,
And exploits of Pawnee Bill.
I used to read Fame and Fortune,
Work and Win, Pluck and Luck,
and Brave and Bold;
Where around the blazing camp fires
Many heroic stories were told.
In these nickel novels,
The Heroes you could surely trust;
That they would run down the desperadoes,

And make the savage hostile red-skins "Bite the Dust."
Those good old dime novel days are
gone now,
Wild West stories of real thrill;
This poem was composed and written
by An Old Scout,
Col. Charles D. Randolph, "Buckskin
Bill."

WANTED

Frank Calkins (Hardbound books),
Bob's Hill Overall Boys, Algers, Bonehill.

Willard D. Thompson
Box 1741, Portland, Oregon 97207

FOR SALE

Merriwell stories in Tip Top Weekly.
Early and late numbers. Send want
list; too many to catalog. Good condition and reasonable prices. Also, in clothbound first and later editions, stories by Sir Rider Haggard.

GUINON

Box 214, Little Rock, Ark. 72203

OLD PULP MAGAZINES WANTED

Such as Doc Savage, Shadow, Spider, Unknown, Phantom, Western Story, Wild West, G-8, Wings, "spicy" mags and many others in the all-fiction field. Must be in excellent condition. What have you? Send list and price wanted. No comics or books.

Back Numbers

Box 214, Little Rock, Ark. 72203

FOR SALE

Books by

Mary R. Rinehart
Edgar Wallace
E. Phillips Oppenheim
Eli A. Messier
Box 1122, Woonsocket, R. I. 02895

Back numbers Reckless Ralph's Dime Novel Roundup, Nos. 1 to 237, some reprints, 12 for \$1.00 or all for \$21. Sent postpaid. You also get Dime Novel Catalogue, Birthday No. 2, indexes. #1 Pioneer and Scouts of the West.

Can you beat it?

Ralph F. Cummings

161 Pleasant St.

So. Grafton, Mass. 01560

BACK ISSUES OF DIME NOVEL ROUND UP FOR SALE

Nos. 238 through 375, 15c each or \$1.50 per volume (12 consecutive numbers).

Nos. 376 to current issue, 30c each, or \$3.00 per volume.

- | | |
|-------------------------------------------------------|-----------------------------------------------------------|
| 308 By the Author of Buffalo Bill | 246 Ted Strong and His Rough Riders, Part II |
| 309 By the Author of Buffalo Bill Part II | 247 Beadles Abroad |
| 310 By the Author of Buffalo Bill Part III | 248 Beadles Abroad, Part II |
| 311 The Young Sports Series | 249 The Alger Fakes |
| 312 William J. Benners | 350 Nick Carter in Another Man's Shoes |
| 313 The Bad Boys Paper | 351 Nick Carter in Another Man's Shoes, Part II |
| 314 On Stage, Mr. Carter | 352 Tip Top Weekly Locations |
| 315 The Pseudonyms of Edward S. Ellis, Part II | 353 Hon. William Adams Brodribb, Beadle Author |
| 316 On Stage, Mr. Carter, Part III | 354 The Merriwells—After Tip Top |
| 317 The W. J. Benners Pseudonyms | 355 The Merriwells—After Tip Top, Part II |
| 318 The Pseudonyms of Edward S. Ellis, Part III | 356 The Merriwells—After Tip Top, Part III |
| 319 The Pseudonyms of Edward S. Ellis, Part III Cont. | 357 Pluck and Luck |
| 320 Buffalo Bill in Bound Book Fiction | 358 Young Diamond Dick |
| 321 The Library of Congress Pseudonyms | 359 Young Diamond Dick, Continued |
| 322 Youth's Companion | 360 Young Diamond Dick, Conclusion |
| 323 Comrades | 361 Author and Artist of the S&S Staff |
| 324 The Ralph Adimari Pseudonyms | 362 Author and Artist of the S&S Staff (Cont.) |
| 325 The Boys Leisure Hour | 363 Author and Artist of the S&S Staff (Concl.) |
| 326 Those Special Christmas Issues | 364 A Dime Novel Collector's Book Shelf |
| 327 Membership List | 365 Dime Novel Collecting |
| 328 The Applause Column in Tip Top Weekly | 366 Ellen Price Wood |
| 329 The J. Edward Leithead Pseudonyms | 367 Arietta, Heroine of Wild West Trails |
| 330 The Pseudonyms of Edward S. Ellis, Part IV | 368 History of Brett Publications |
| 331 Aldine's New Boys' Paper | 369 This Sleuth Business |
| 332 Wolff and the Tousey Reprints | 370 This Sleuth Business (Cont.) |
| 333 Robert Emmett Owen, Illustrator | 371 This Sleuth Business (Concl.) |
| 334 The Pseudonyms of Edward S. Ellis, Part V | 372 The Two King Bradys and Their Girl Detective |
| 335 The Creator of Diamond Dick | 373 The Two King Bradys and Their Girl Detective (Concl.) |
| 336 Postscript to the Pen Names of Ellis | 374 Captain Jack: The Relentless Foe of the Dime Novel |
| 337 Nick Carter Reprints | 375 Membership list |
| 338 Nick Carter Reprints, Part II | 376 Col. Prentiss Ingraham |
| 339 Membership List | 377 Col. Prentiss Ingraham (Concl.) |
| 340 Fred Should Fear Not | 378 The Upton Sinclair Dime Novels |
| 341 Miscellaneous Pseudonyms | 379 Dime Novels in France |
| 342 Buffalo Bill Reprints | 380 Doctor Quartz and Other Nine-Lived Villains |
| 343 Buffalo Bill Reprints, Part II | |
| 344 Young Wild West's Other Pard | |
| 345 Ted Strong and His Rough Riders | |

Edward T. LeBlanc, 87 School St., Fall River, Mass. 02720